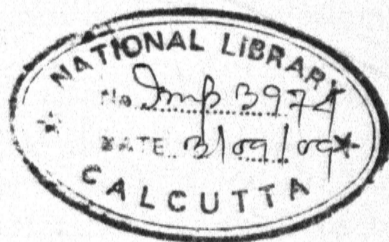
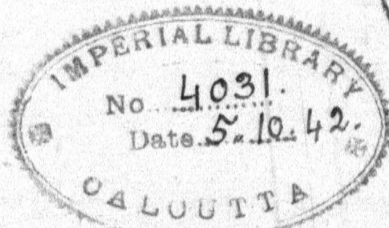
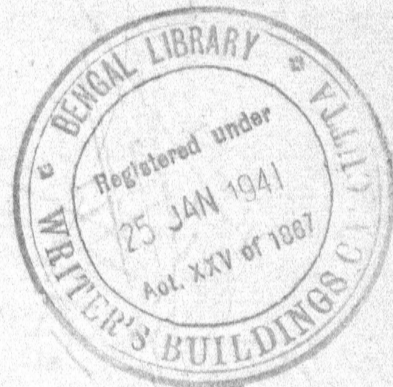


# CHITRALIPI

By  
RABINDRANATH TAGORE



RARE BOOK



VISVA-BHARATI BOOK SHOP  
210, CORNWALLIS STREET, CALCUTTA

२५

SEPTEMBER, 1940.

Published by : Kishorimohan Santra  
VISVA-BHARATI  
6-3, Dwarkanath Tagore Lane, Calcutta.  
Printed by : Amulya Kumar Sengupta,  
The Bengal Autotype Co.,  
Calcutta.



THE world of sound is a tiny bubble in the silence of the infinite. The Universe has its only language of gesture, it talks in the voice of pictures and dance. Every object in this world proclaims in the dumb signal of lines and colours the fact that it is not a mere logical abstraction or a mere thing of use, but it is unique in itself, it carries the miracle of its existence.

There are countless things which we know but do not recognise them in their own dignity of truth, independent of the fact that they are injurious or beneficial. It is enough that a flower exists as a flower, but my cigarette has no other claim upon me for its recognition but as being subservient to my smoking habit.

But there are other things which in their dynamic quality of rhythm or character make us insistently acknowledge the fact that they *are*. In the book of creation they are the sentences that are underlined with coloured pencil and we cannot pass them by. They seem to cry to us "See, here I am," and our mind bows its head and never questions "Why are you?"

In a picture the artist creates the language of undoubted reality, and we are satisfied that we see. It may not be the representation of a beautiful woman but that of a commonplace donkey, or of something that has no external credential of truth in nature but only in its own inner artistic significance.

People often ask me about the meaning of my pictures. I remain silent even as my pictures are. It is for them to *express* and not to *explain*. They have nothing ulterior behind their own appearance for the thoughts to explore and words to describe and if that appearance carries its ultimate worth then they remain, otherwise they are rejected and forgotten even though they may have some scientific truth or ethical justification.

It is related in the drama of Sakuntala, how one busy morning there stood humbly before the maiden of the forest-hermitage a stranger youth who did not give his name. Her soul acknowledged him at once without question. She did not *know* him, but only *saw* him and for her he was the artist God's masterpiece to which must be offered the full value of love.

Days passed by. There came at her gate another guest, a venerable sage who was formidable. And, sure of his claim to a dutiful welcome, proudly he announced "I am here!" But she missed his voice, for it did not carry with it an inherent meaning, it needed a commentary of household virtue, pious words of sanction which could assign a sacred value to a guest, the value that was not of the irresponsible art, but of moral responsibility. Love is kindred to art, it is inexplicable. Duty can be measured by the degree of its benefit, utility by the profit and power it may bring, but art by nothing but itself. There are other factors of life which are visitors that come and go, Art is the guest that comes and remains. The others may be important, but art is inevitable.

Rabindranath Tagore





PLATE 1

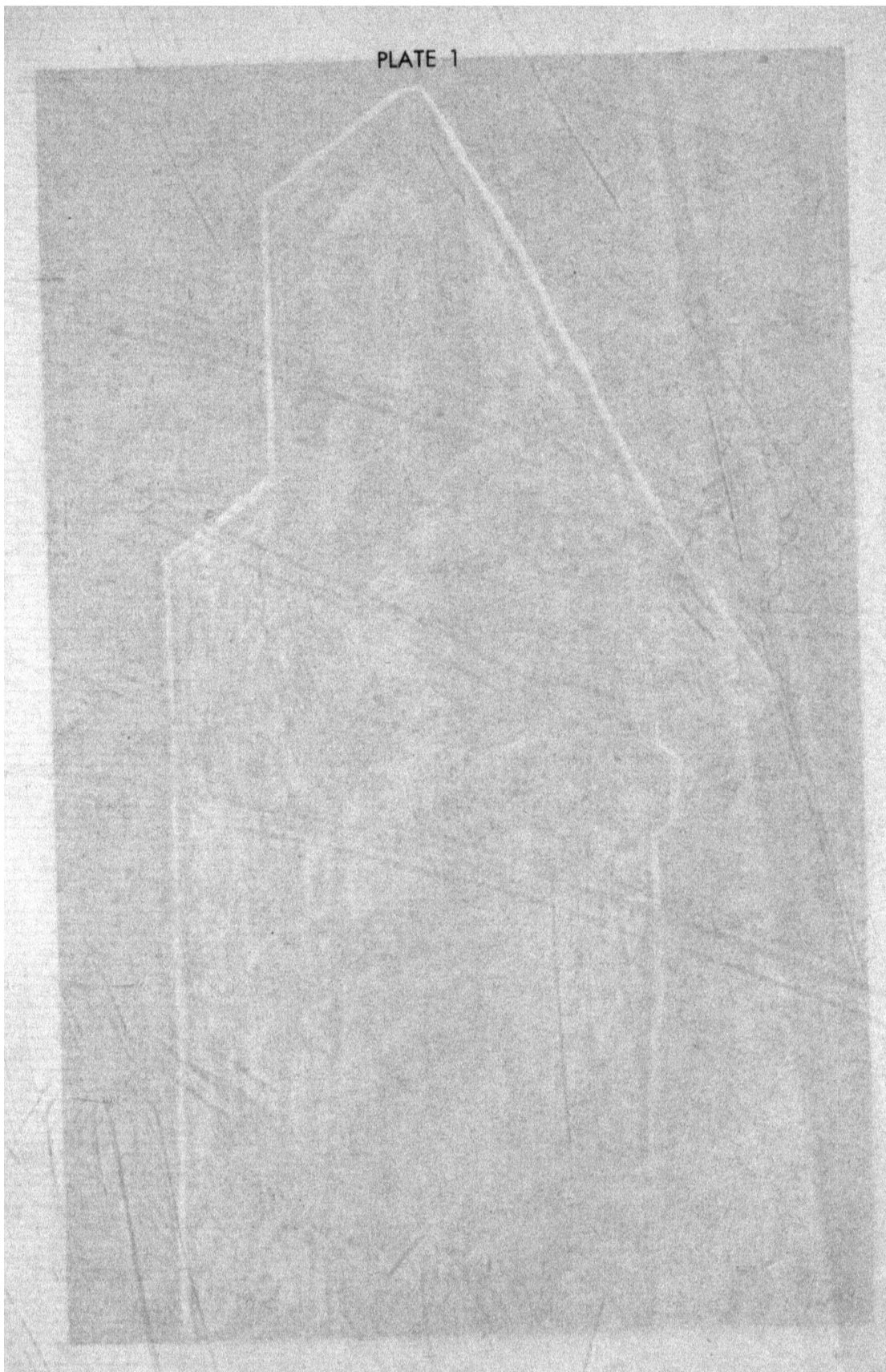






PLATE 2



PLATE 3





PLATE 4

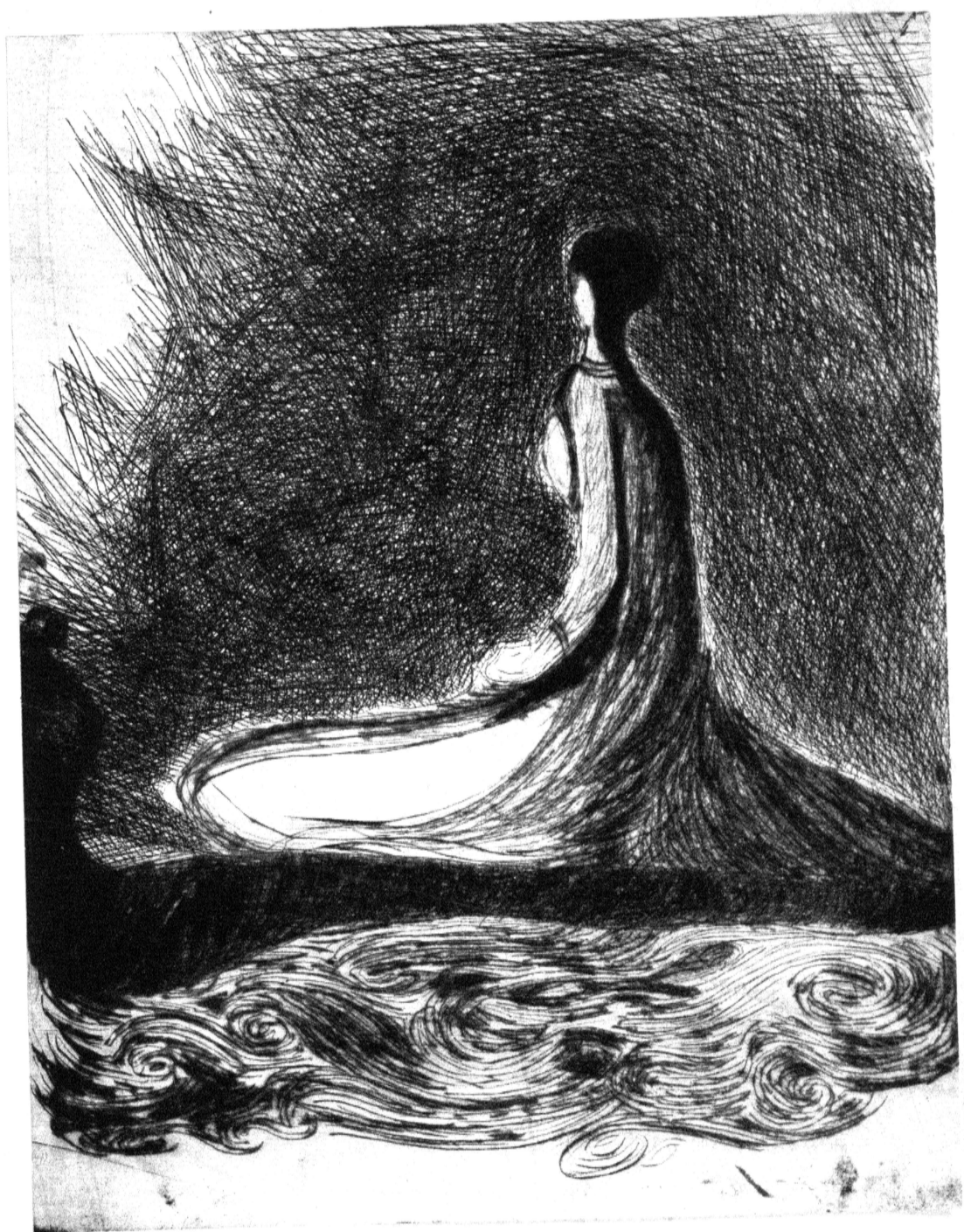






PLATE 6



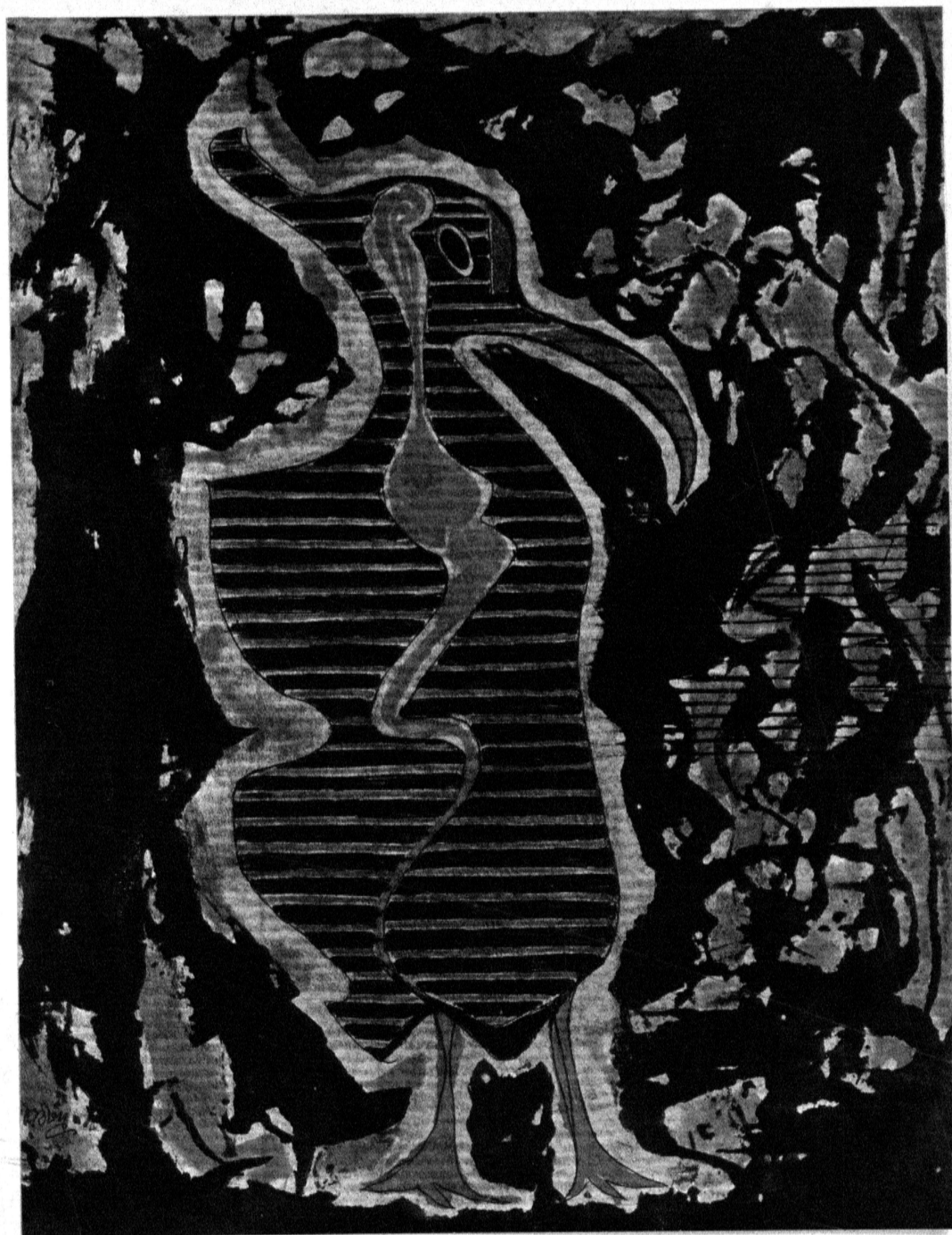
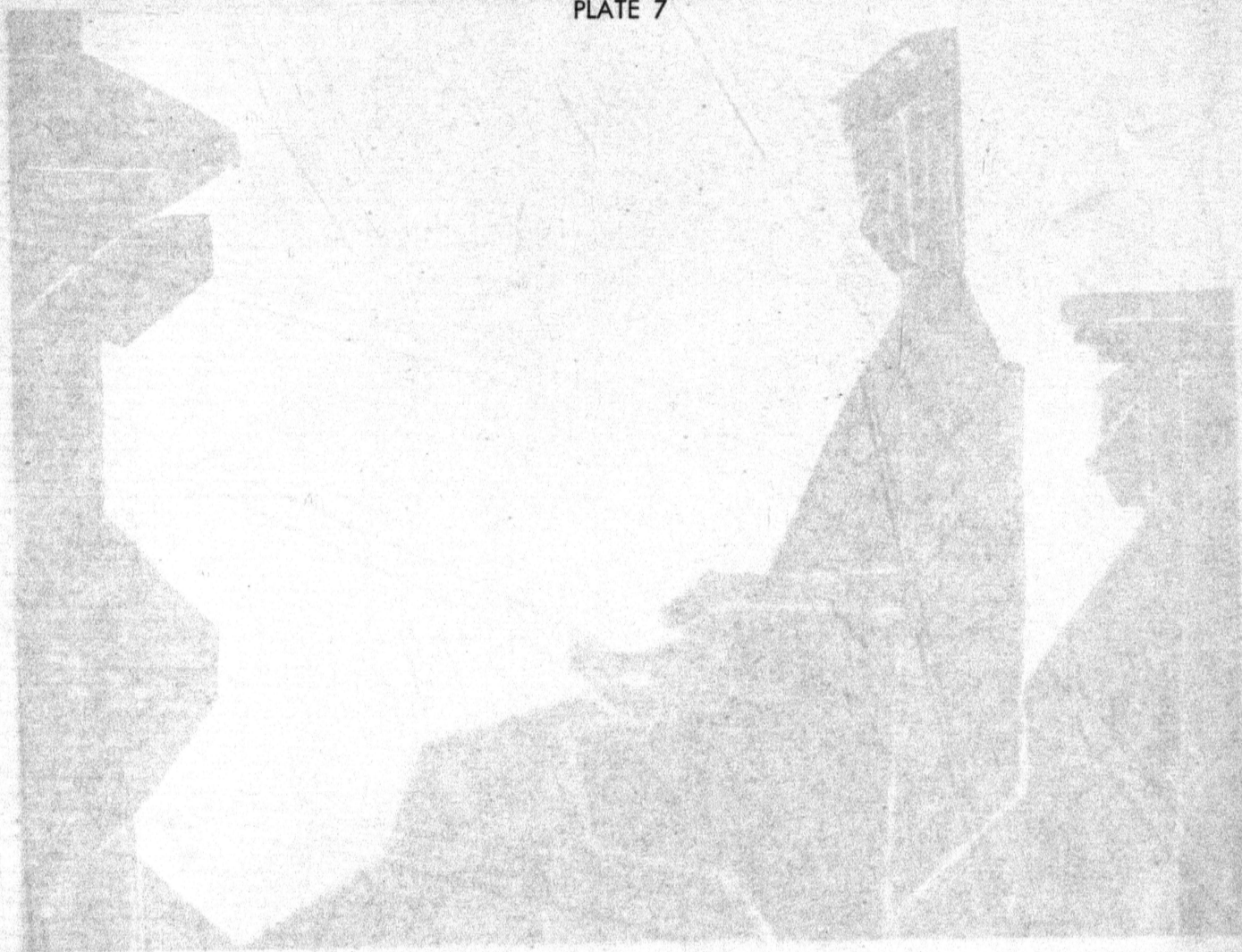


PLATE 7





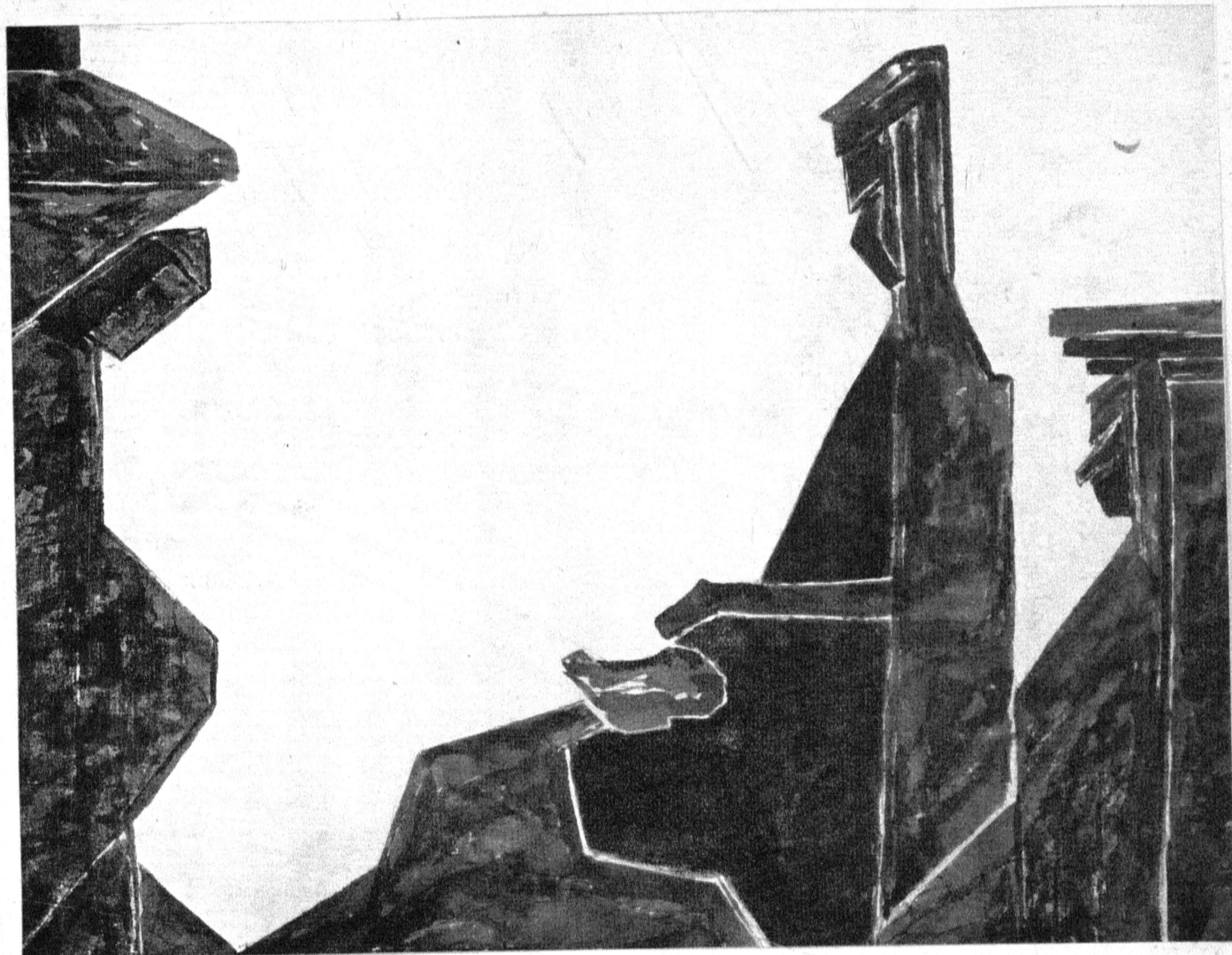


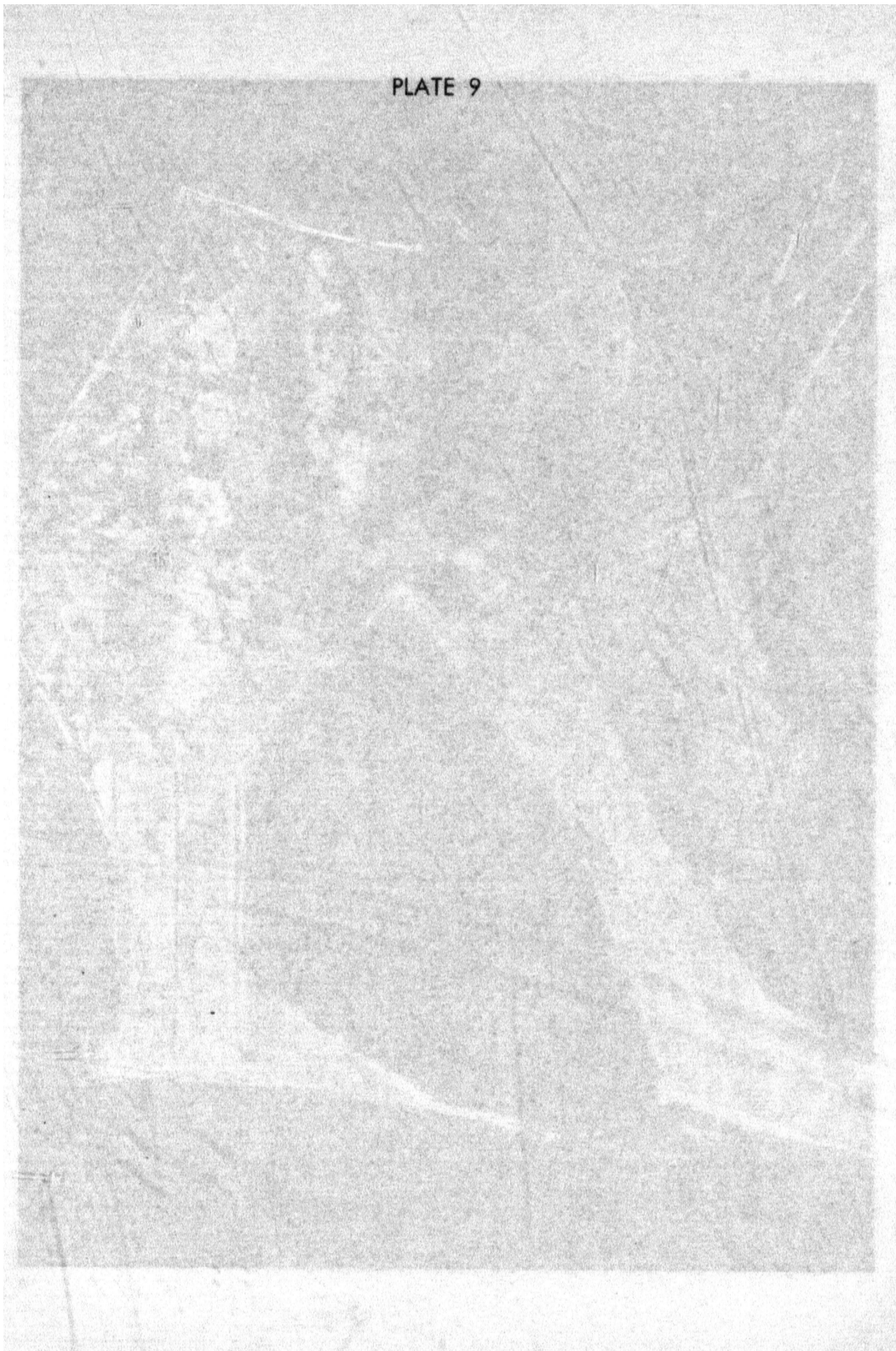


PLATE 8





PLATE 9





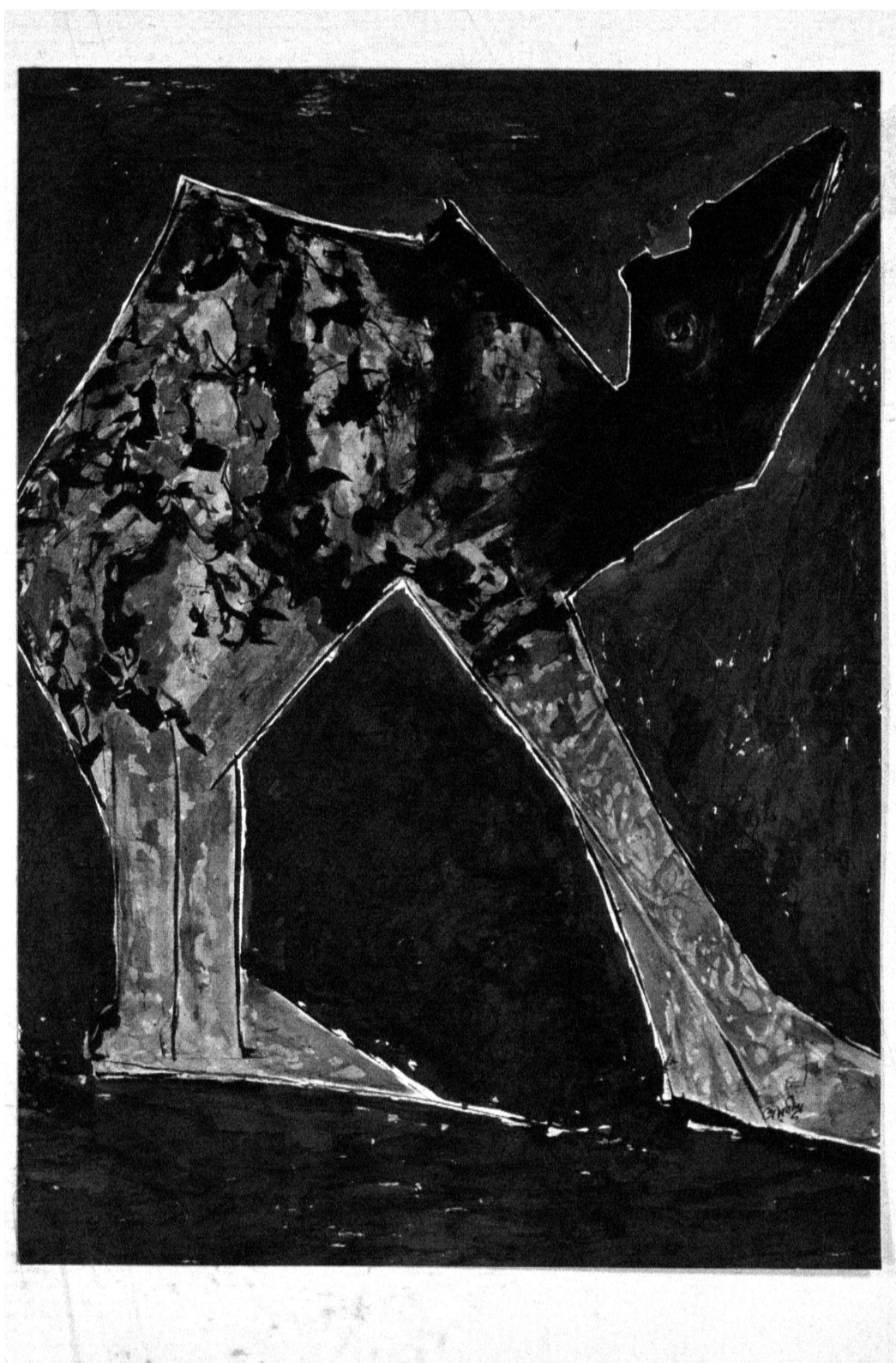




PLATE 10



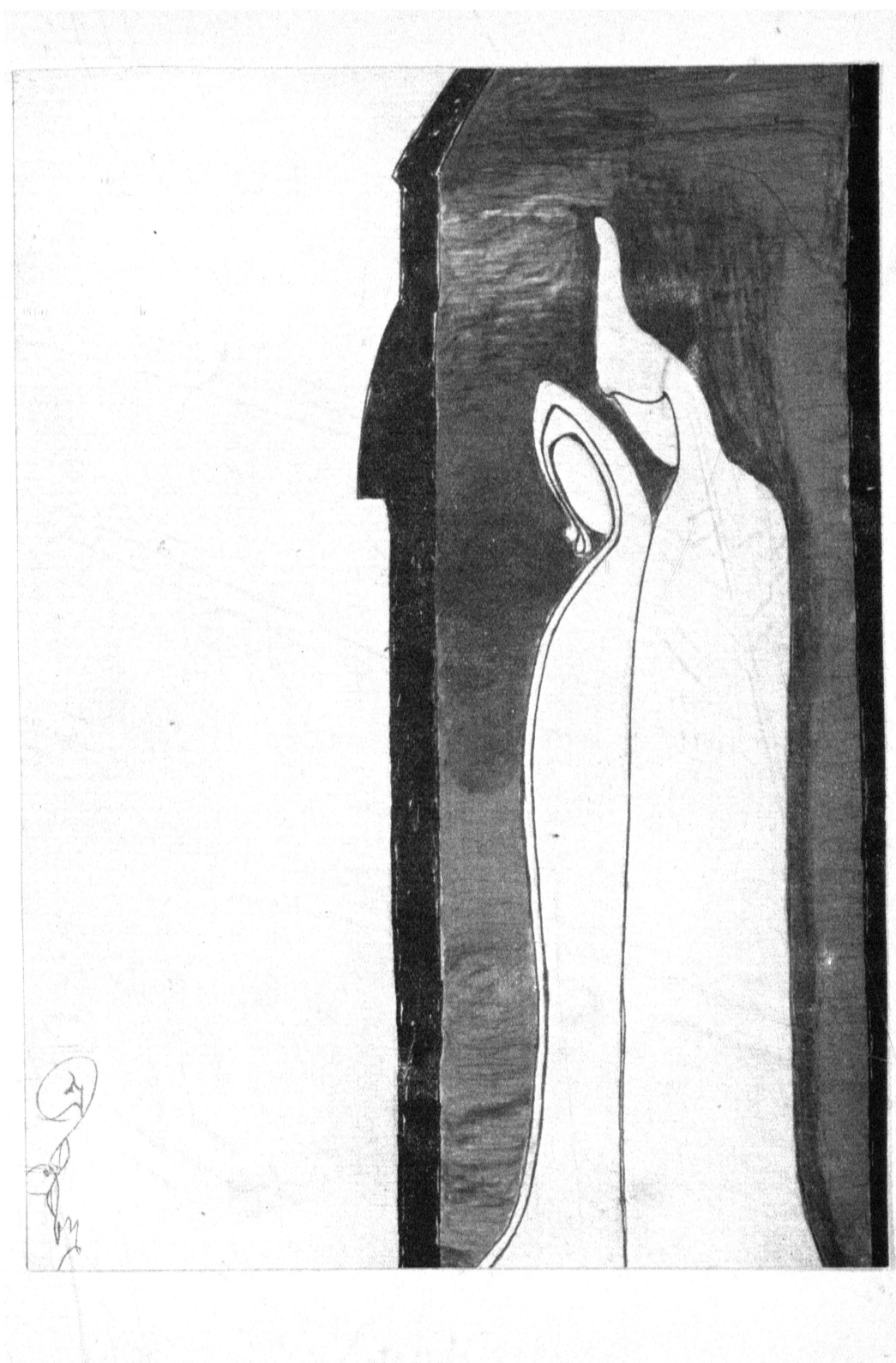
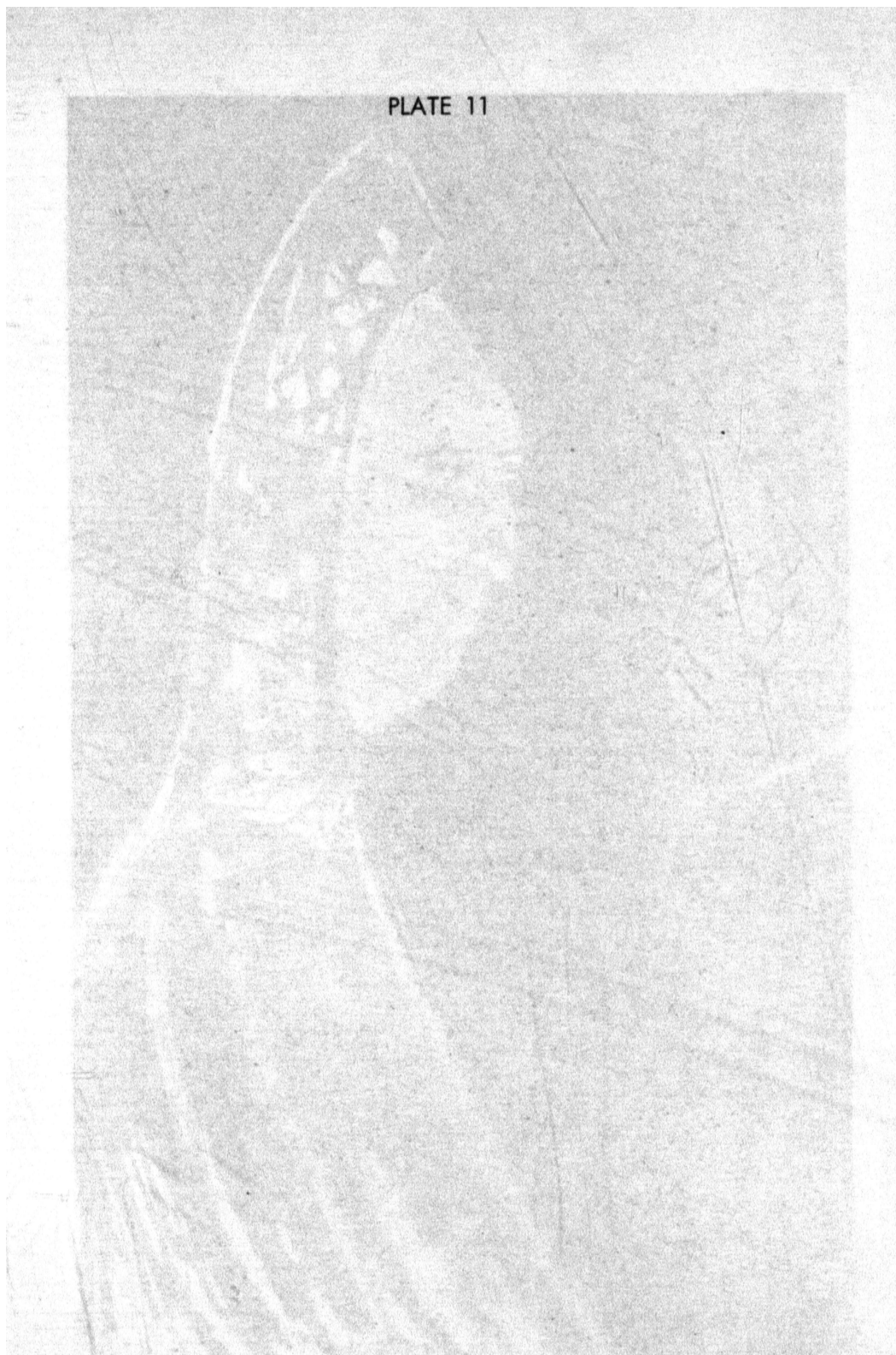


PLATE 11



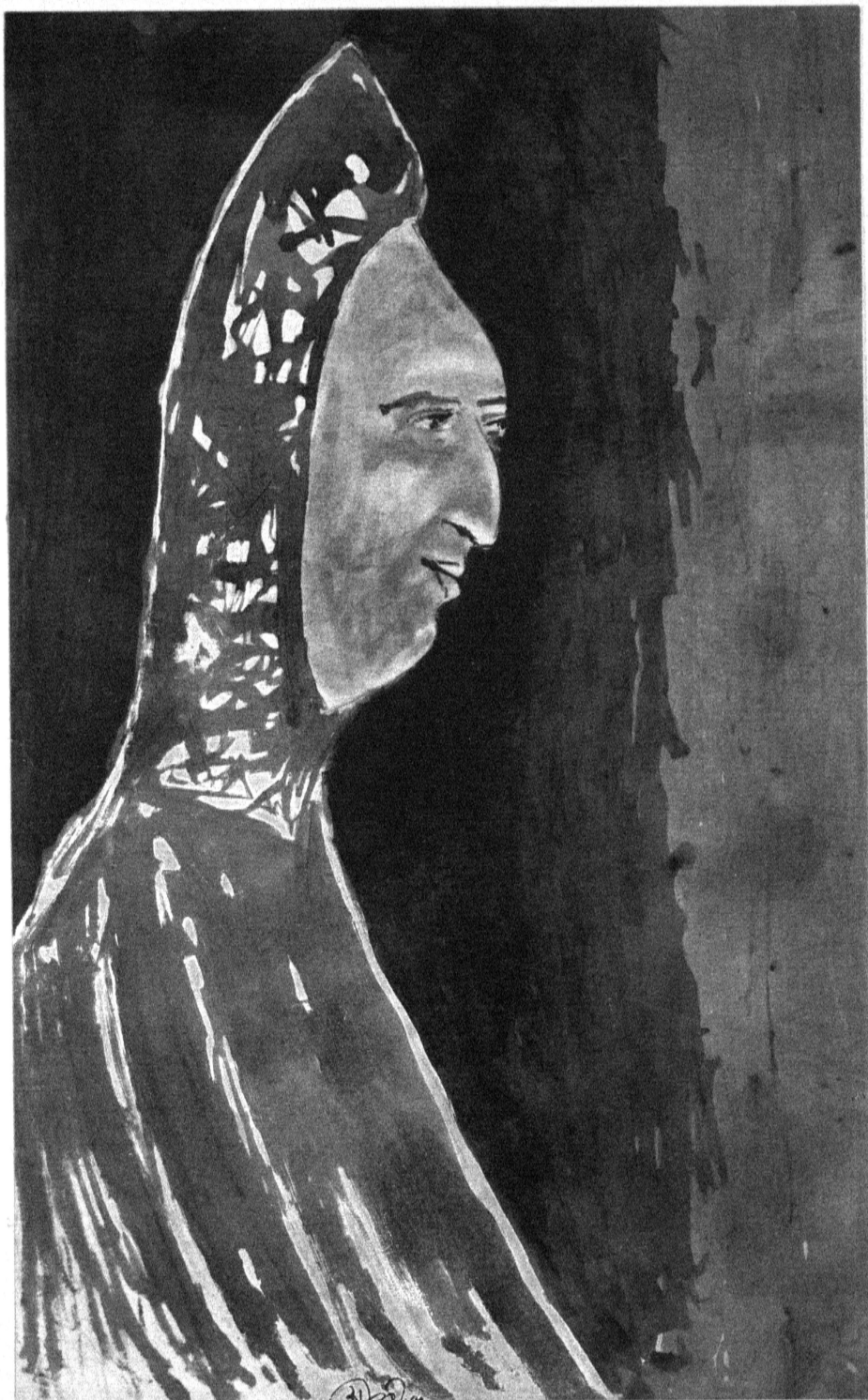




PLATE 12





PLATE 13

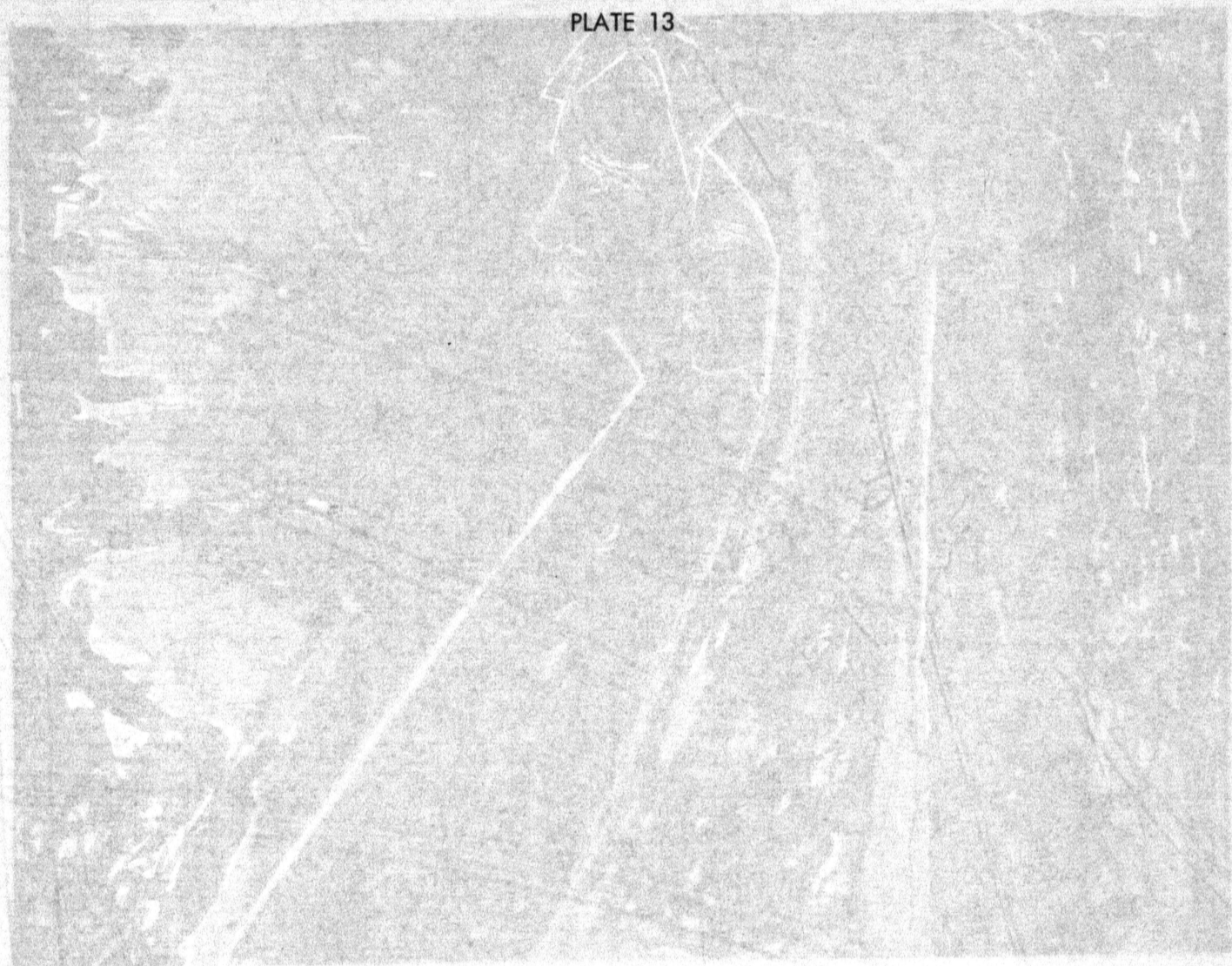






PLATE 14

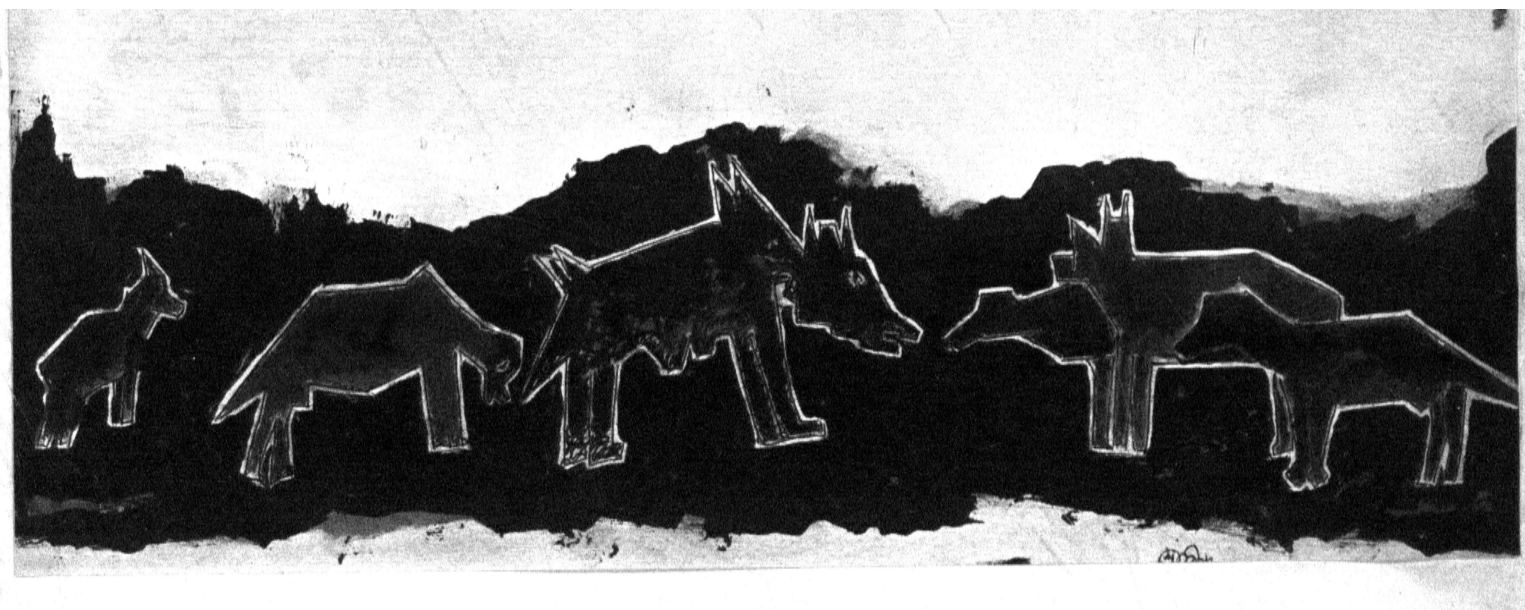


PLATE 15



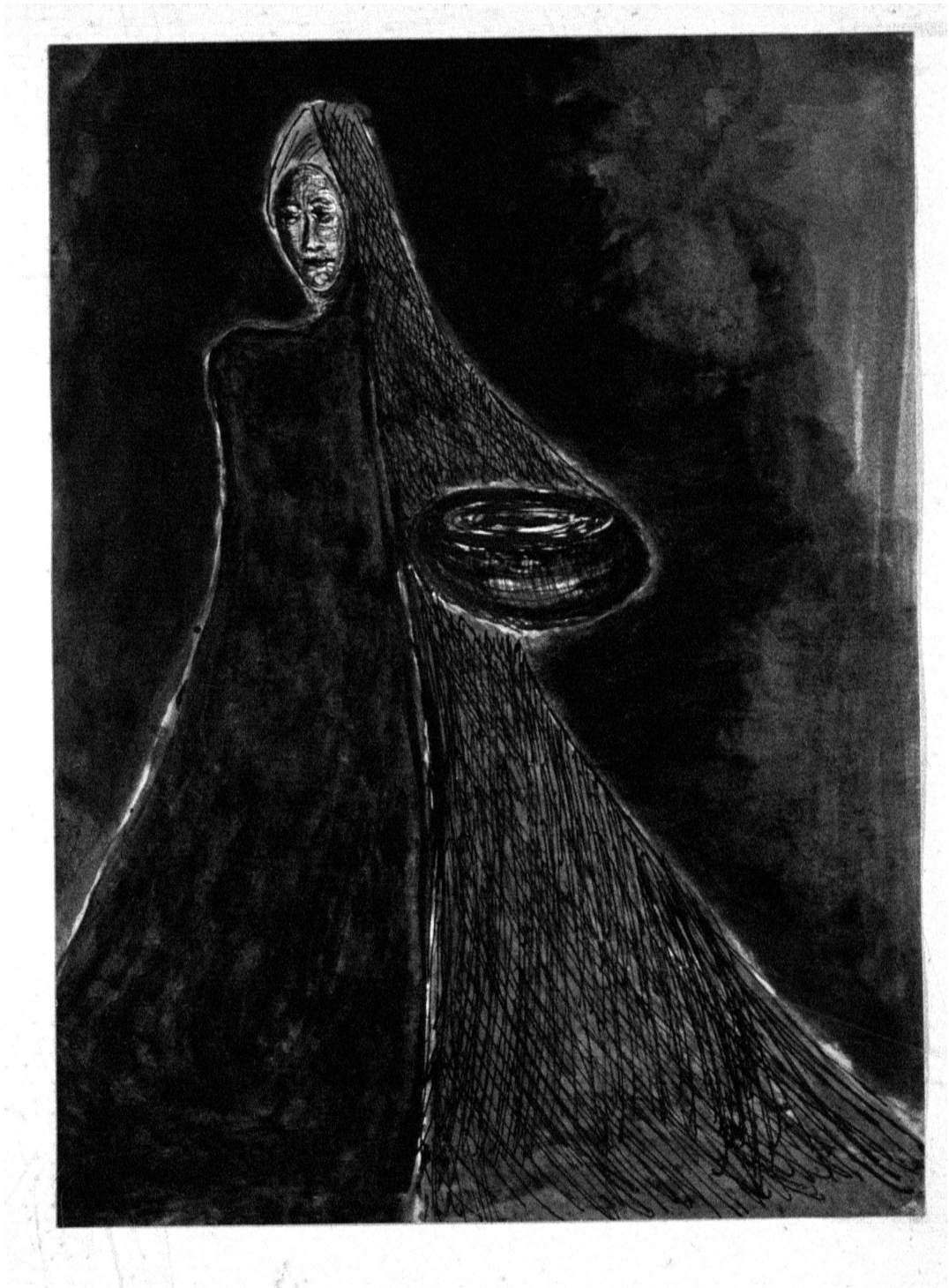
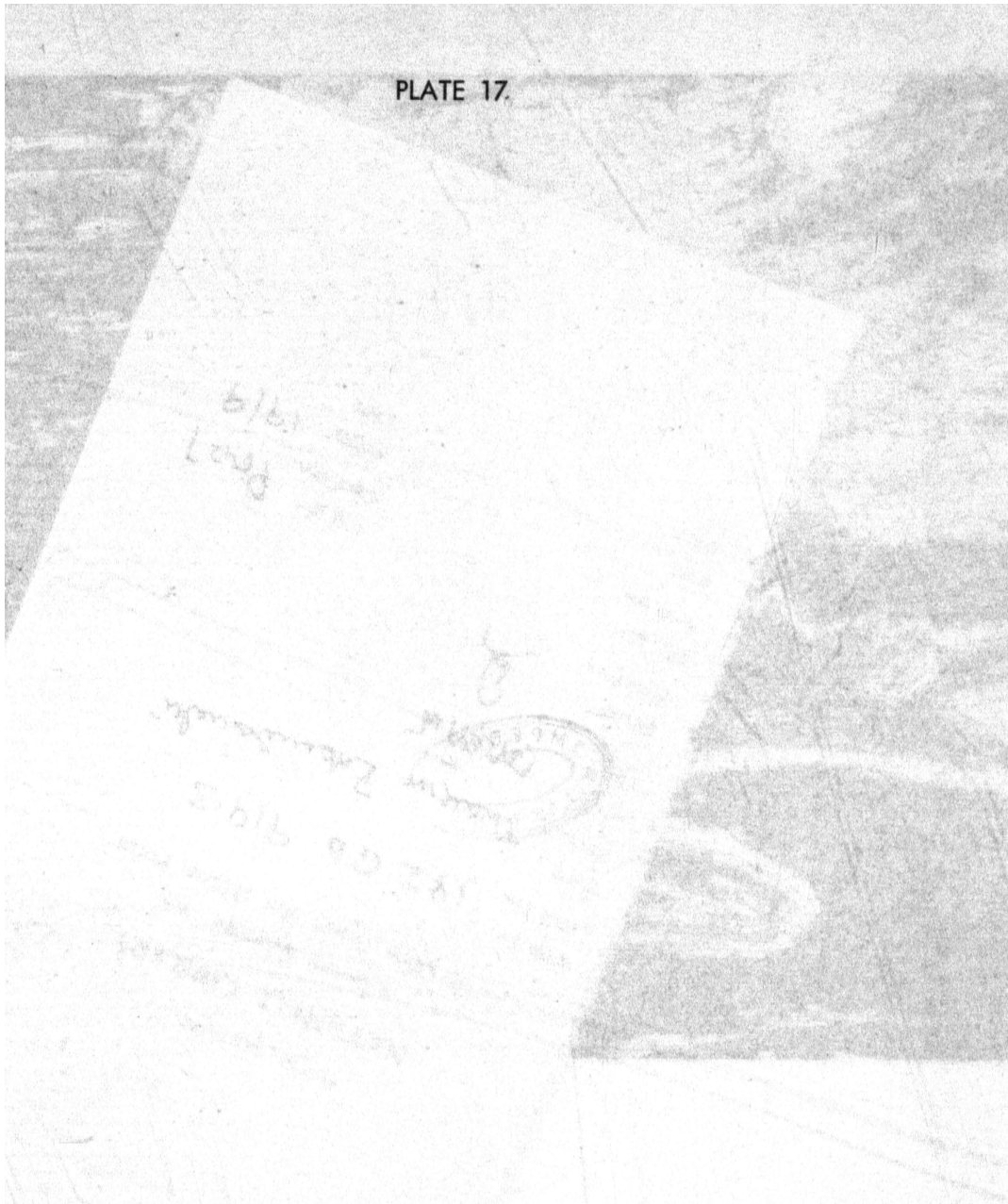


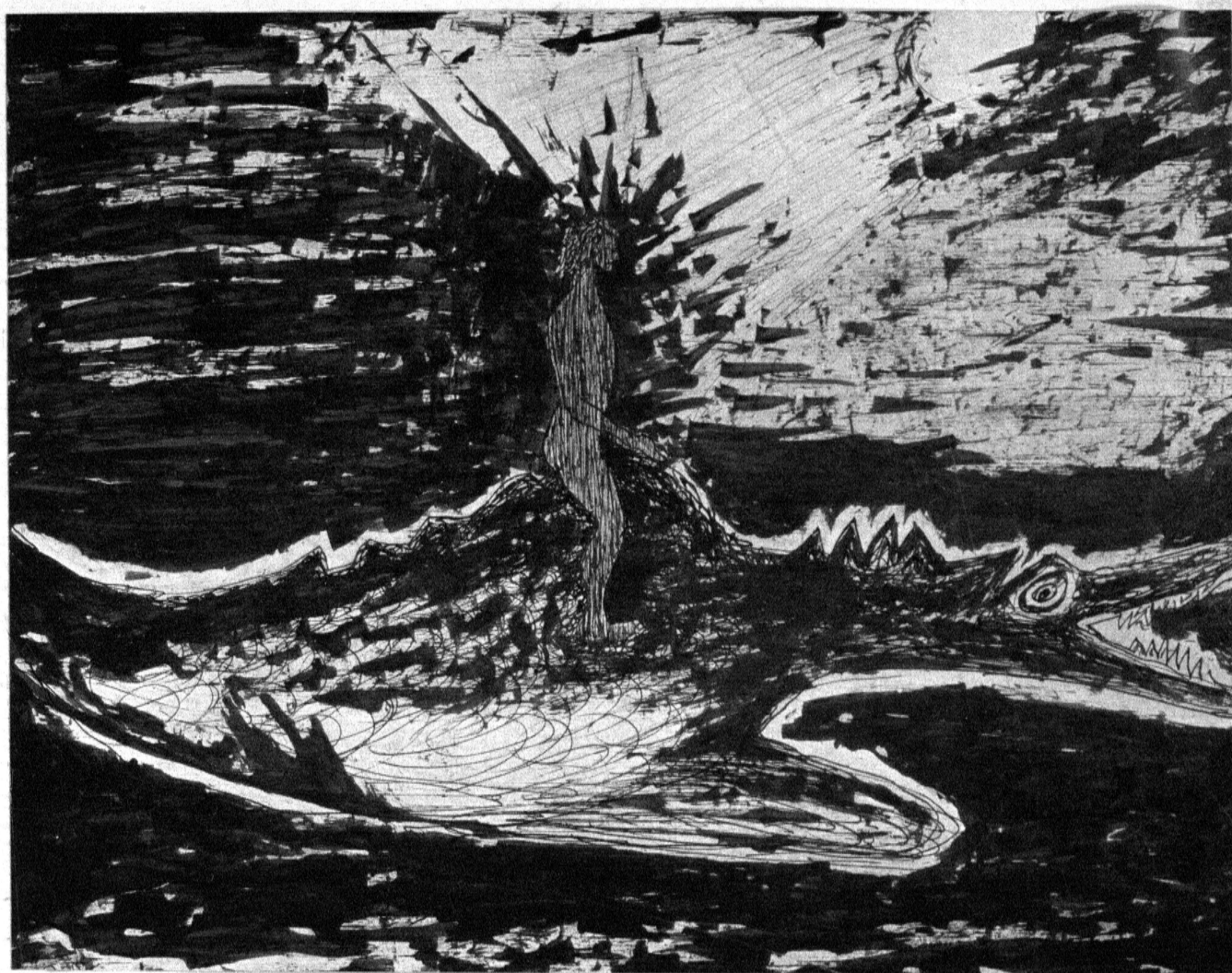


PLATE 16



PLATE 17.









তুমি চিরলোমা দেবী, অমর আর, তোমার মহিমা  
 যদি মর করে থাকি দিতে গিয়ে থাকে/চেনা মীমা,  
 থাকে/অতীত তুমি। আসন পূজা আসনাত  
 নিয়ে মাথে নিজে দাত দেয়া, চকর মল্লিনাথে  
 শ্রাব্যে ধরনা শু। সমস্তোচ্চ যে কণ্ঠে শ্রাব্য  
 প্রবেশি মধুরে তব, তার দাও নাই দিলে চেন।  
 তোমার মধুর নিল, দাওয়া যথা চাইল মধু গাছে;  
 থাকে তব, অর্থ তব তাদেং দাতার গিয়ে গাছে ॥

২০ জুলাই  
 ১৯৩৬

বহিঃস্বাক্ষর

Lady of Lines,

these words are not an alien invasion  
 come to set a limit to your realm.

They are but some noisy birds

that for a moment flit across your garden  
 while your meaning lies far beyond their chirpings.

21/7/36

PLATE 1

ਸਰੋਤਰੁ ਰੂਪੁ ਪ੍ਰਭਾ  
ਬਹਿਰੁ ਕਰਿ  
ਕਰਿ ਕਰਿ  
ਕਰਿ ਕਰਿ ॥  
ਕਰਿ ਕਰਿ

The picture of the tender  
engraved on the stormy hard.

PLATE 2

ଓହ୍ଲେଇ ଘର ଗାଁରେ ଘର ଘର ଘର ଘର,  
ଘର, ଘର ଘର ଘର  
ଘର ଘର ଘର ଘର  
ଘର ଘର ଘର ଘର  
ଘର ଘର ଘର ଘର  
ଘର ଘର ଘର ଘର

The phantoms of faces  
Come unbidden into my vacant hours.



PLATE 3

॥ वाचं धेनुमुपासीत ॥  
सर्वज्ञं सर्वशक्तिं सर्वभूतहितं  
सर्वलोकहितं ॥  
ॐ नमो भगवते वासुदेवाय ॥

Memory leaves its traces  
On the screen of oblivion  
as the mind lingers  
on its wayside wanderings,

PLATE 4

ਅਮਰਿਕਾ ਸ਼ਾਹਿਦ

$\alpha$   $\beta$   $\gamma$   $\delta$   $\epsilon$   $\zeta$   $\eta$   $\theta$   $\iota$   $\kappa$   $\lambda$   $\mu$   $\nu$   $\xi$   $\omicron$   $\pi$   $\rho$   $\sigma$   $\tau$   $\upsilon$   $\phi$   $\chi$   $\psi$   $\omega$

சென்னை

The eyes seeking for the enigma of things  
capture the boundless nothing.

PLATE 5

मनसो ज्ञानं  
ज्ञानं ज्ञानं ज्ञानं  
ज्ञानं ज्ञानं ज्ञानं  
ज्ञानं ज्ञानं ज्ञानं

My mind the traveller  
builds its own shrines of pilgrimage  
never yst charted.

PLATE 6

ଝିଲି ଝିଲି ଝିଲି ଝିଲି  
ଝିଲି ଝିଲି ଝିଲି ଝିଲି  
ଝିଲି ଝିଲି ଝିଲି ଝିଲି  
ଝିଲି ଝିଲି ଝିଲି ଝିଲି  
ଝିଲି ଝିଲି ଝିଲି ଝିଲି

The birds of the fairy land  
resting in my childhood's dream  
is captured in my lines



PLATE 7

ଅନୁରାଗ ଶବ୍ଦ ଶୁଣିବାକୁ ମନେ  
ନାହିଁ । ଅନୁରାଗ ଶବ୍ଦ ଶୁଣିବାକୁ  
ନାହିଁ ।

The ancient whispers  
shut in a stony gesture  
carry the sadness of lost meaning.

PLATE 8

જીવનમાં  
જેવું બને છે તેવું બને છે  
જેવું બને છે તેવું બને છે  
જેવું બને છે તેવું બને છે ॥

The black and white threads  
create the destiny of man  
into a mystery of entanglements,

PLATE 9

આપનાં જાનના ભ, ભરે ગર દરિયું રહ્યું,  
અમમ્મન પિત્ર આપ સિંહલિત પ્રાણે અમમ્મન ।

એ દિવસ પિત્ર વાત  
આપનાં જાનના ભ

હૃદયે રહ્યું રહ્યું ॥

સુધાનંદન

Life chained to an imperfect mind  
sends its agonised cry.

କୌଣସି କିଛି  
 ହୃଦୟ ହିଁ ହିଁ କିନ୍ତୁ ହୃଦୟ ହିଁ ।  
 କିନ୍ତୁ କିଛି ହିଁ ହିଁ, କିନ୍ତୁ  
 କିନ୍ତୁ କିଛି ହିଁ ହିଁ, କିନ୍ତୁ  
 କିନ୍ତୁ କିଛି ହିଁ ହିଁ, କିନ୍ତୁ  
 କିନ୍ତୁ କିଛି ହିଁ ହିଁ, କିନ୍ତୁ

(କିନ୍ତୁ କିଛି ହିଁ ହିଁ, କିନ୍ତୁ)

The meeting of hearts  
 leaves its trace  
 on the screen of silence.



PLATE 11

(ମନେ ପଡ଼ିବ ଯେଉଁ ଶବ୍ଦ ଶୁଣିବି ତାହା ମୋର  
 ମନେ ପଡ଼ିବି ତାହା ମୋର ମନେ ପଡ଼ିବି  
 ମନେ ପଡ଼ିବି ତାହା ମୋର ମନେ ପଡ଼ିବି  
 ମନେ ପଡ଼ିବି ତାହା ମୋର ମନେ ପଡ଼ିବି

A strange face, uninvited  
 hovers before my brush  
 making me wonder  
 whence does it appear.

PLATE 12

ਅਮੀਰ ਅਮੀਰ ਕਾਲਾ ਪਰ ਪਾਤ  
ਮੁਕਿਮੀਆਂ ਹੋਇ,  
ਭਰਾ ਕੇ ਮੇਰੇ ਕਾਲਾ ਕੁਲਾਹ  
ਅਮਰਕ ਪਰ ਅਮਰ ॥  
ਭਰਮਾਰਕੀ

The dark takes form  
in the heart of the white  
and reveals it.

PLATE 13

ମୁକ୍ତିଦିବ୍ୟମତ୍ତଃ ସତ୍ତ୍ୱଃ ସତ୍ତ୍ୱଃ ମାତ୍ର  
 ମହାତ୍ମା (ସତ୍ତ୍ୱଃ) ମହାତ୍ମା ମହାତ୍ମା  
 ମହାତ୍ମା ମହାତ୍ମା  
 ମହାତ୍ମା ମହାତ୍ମା ମହାତ୍ମା ମହାତ୍ମା  
 ମହାତ୍ମା ମହାତ୍ମା ମହାତ୍ମା ମହାତ୍ମା  
 ମହାତ୍ମା ମହାତ୍ମା ମହାତ୍ମା ମହାତ୍ମା

The days' gains and losses  
 are lost to their sight  
 when they gaze at an unrevealed promise  
 gleaming out from the dark.

PLATE 14

ବିଶୁଦ୍ଧ ମୂଳା ମହାବୀରୀୟାୟ  
 ଯେ ହରି ଲିଖିତ ଡିଡ଼ିଃ ଶାଳ  
 ମହାବୀରୀୟାୟ ଶିବାୟାୟ  
 ମହାବୀରୀୟାୟ ମହାବୀରୀୟାୟ  
 ହରିଡ଼ି ମହାବୀରୀୟାୟ ॥  
 ଶିବାୟାୟ

I have searched out the cave of the primitive  
 in my mind  
 with its etchings of animals.



PLATE 15

ସମସ୍ତେ ତାହା ଦେଖିବାକୁ ଆସନ୍ତି  
କିନ୍ତୁ ତାହା କିଏ ଜାଣେ ।  
ସମସ୍ତେ ତାହା କିଏ ଜାଣେ,  
କିନ୍ତୁ ତାହା କିଏ ଜାଣେ ॥

ସମସ୍ତେ ଜାଣେ

She is the woman ever strange to me  
and yet I seem to know her..

PLATE 16

॥ मल्लोऽप्युत्तमोऽस्मिन् ॥  
नित्यं ध्यातुं शक्यं तत्र  
'मल्लो' इति च शब्दः,  
नित्यं ध्यातुं शक्यं तत्र  
॥ मल्लोऽप्युत्तमोऽस्मिन् ॥

Fragments of forms stored in the mind  
combine in pictures at the magic touch  
of art.

॥ वाचं धेनुमुपासीत ॥ वाचं धेनुमुपासीत ॥  
 वाचं धेनुमुपासीत ॥ वाचं धेनुमुपासीत ॥  
 वाचं धेनुमुपासीत ॥ वाचं धेनुमुपासीत ॥  
 वाचं धेनुमुपासीत ॥ वाचं धेनुमुपासीत ॥

Life began its dubious chapter  
 With an exaggeration of flesh.  
 The little man came to solve the doubt  
 from Creator's mind.

এই ইচ্ছাগুলি পূরণ হইল

কিন্তু প্রথম প্রহর হইল

এই প্রহর হইল

এই প্রহর হইল

এই প্রহর হইল

The blocks of stupid stones

gagged Earth's voice

till the first flower came

and her meaning was freed.